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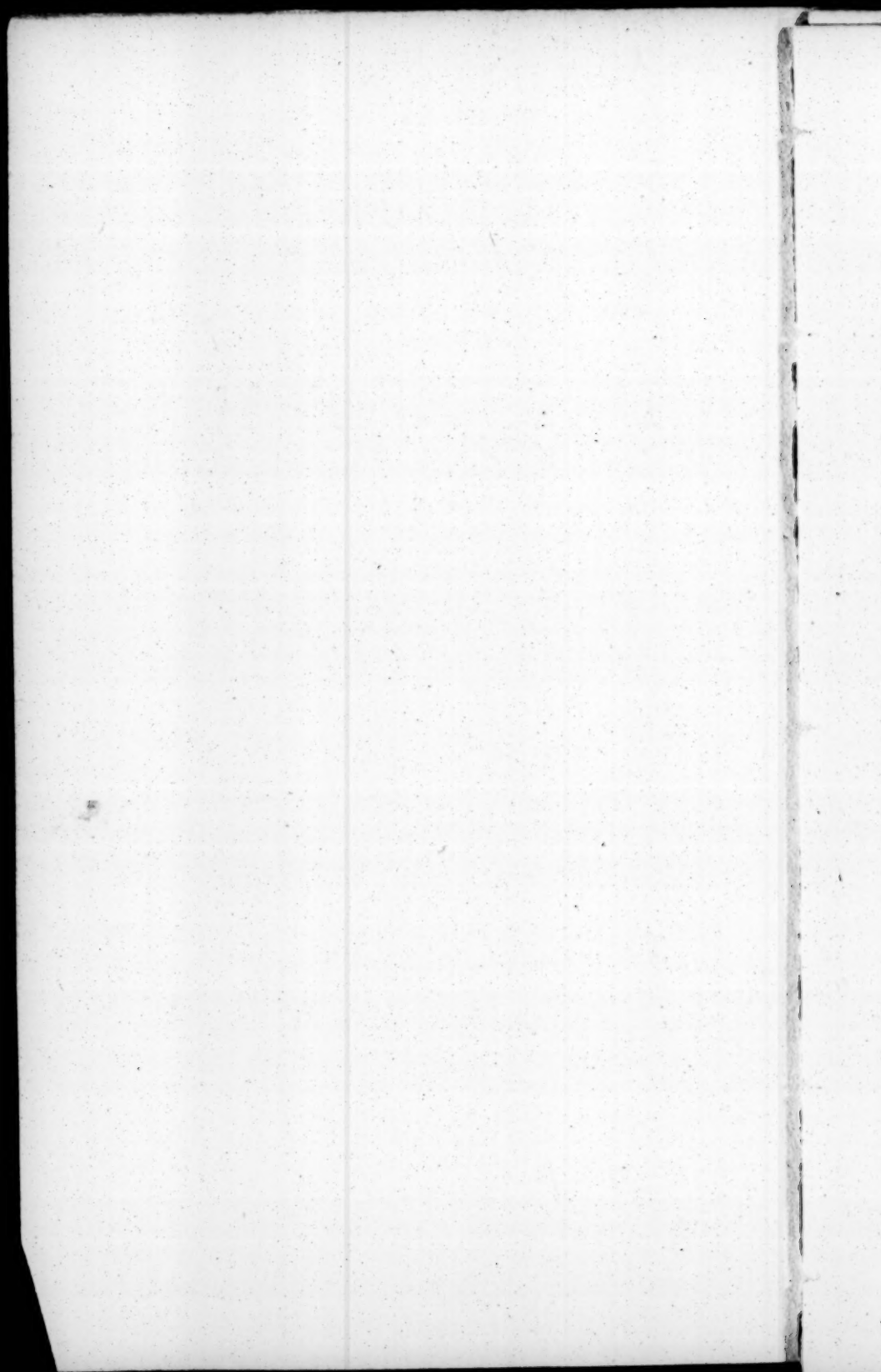
ACCOUNT
OF THE
D E A T H
OF
Mrs. ANNE THORNTON,
OF THE
BOROUGH OF SOUTHWARK,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
The 12th of MARCH, 1799.

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# P R E F A C E.

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**T**HE late Mrs. ANNE THORNTON, of whose last illness, and happy dismissal from this world, some Memoirs are preserved in the following pages, was the wife of Mr. JOHN THORNTON, High-Street, Borough of Southwark, Undertaker. She was born in that neighbourhood, of respectable parents, Nov. 1741.\*

About the age of nineteen, she received her first serious abiding religious impressions, by attending the prayers at Westminster Abby, on a Wednesday; and from the time she began to know the way of salvation thro' our Lord Jesus Christ, her heart was united to all whom she believed loved Him in sincerity. In the early stage of her profession, she chiefly attended the ministry of the late Rev. Thomas Jones, of St. Saviour's. But during the whole course of her life, she held communion with true believers of every party, without forming a bigotted and abusive attachment to any one.

Mrs. THORNTON was favoured with a strong comprehensive and active mind; and having had a good education, her genius led her into the paths of Literature; but this did not prevent her from paying a diligent and exemplary attention to the duties of domestic life; and she was much respected in the characters of a wife, a mother, a friend, and a mistress, by many persons who were strangers to her literary attainments. She was well acquainted with Natural Philosophy, and Natural History. To her the Creation was an open book, in which she could read a perpetual commentary on the book of the Holy Scriptures. She was thus well qualified

\* Mrs. THORNTON's maiden name was FORD. She was married to Mr. THORNTON, in July, 1772.

to educate her own children; an important employment to which she devoted much of her time and care.

Some particulars of the manner in which she bore her last long and painful illness, and closed a useful and honourable life, are now in the Readers hands. Several of her friends requested Mr. Thornton to permit the Narrative to be made public, in hopes that such an authentic testimony of the nature, power, tendency, and effects of real religion, might, by the blessing of the Lord, encourage the feeble minded, quicken the languid professor, and, at least in some instances, engage the attention of Sceptics and Infidels.

The subject is interesting to all, for *all must die*. The cares, employments, and amusements, which engross the minds and time of multitudes, tho' they greatly interrupt, cannot wholly exclude the thoughts of death. The event is inevitable, may be soon, and sudden; and the consequences, to those who are not prepared for it, must be tremendous, if the Scriptures are true; and that they are not true, we challenge infidels themselves to prove even to their own satisfaction;—

“When visited by thought (thought will intrude,)

Like him they serve, they tremble and believe.”

Many persons who formerly trod the dangerous and uncomfortable paths of infidelity, will readily subscribe to this confession, and own, that while they confidently declared to others, death is an eternal sleep, they could not conquer their own hesitation upon the point. Yes, Reader, you must die; and if you have not then the same principles and supports, which enabled Mrs. Thornton to wait the approach of the last enemy with composure, and even with desire, awful will be your dying hour.

She



She had no dependance upon her acquisitions, or upon her moral character; she repeatedly declared to those around her, *There is a knowledge that must be given up.* All knowledge that does not spring from the knowledge of Jesus Christ and him crucified, or that has not a direct reference to Him, will prove at last, to an immortal soul, impertinent as a dream, and unsubstantial as the smoke which the wind driveth away. She said, "If God were pleased to prolong her life, she would chiefly confine her studies to that one precious book, the Bible."

She trusted for her acceptance with God, and for happiness in the invisible state, (of which she had cheering and powerful prelibations, while yet upon earth,) to nothing she had known, or done, or said in her past life; but, wholly and solely, to the Atonement and Mediation of her Saviour. In a word, she lived as becometh a saint, aiming to regulate her tempers, and conduct, by the precepts and example of her Lord; and she died as becometh a christian, renouncing her own righteousness, and simply relying upon Him who was made sin for us, tho' he knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.

During her long and trying illness, her whole deportment was uniform and consistent. She spoke the words of truth and soberness. She expressed her solid hope, and her stable peace, in terms perfectly agreeable to what the Scriptures teach us to expect from those who are rooted and grounded in the faith of the gospel, and who can rejoice in God as their strength and portion, when flesh and heart are fainting. There was a striking elevation and dignity combined with simplicity, in her manner and language. Knowing whom she had believed, and expecting to be soon with him to behold his glory, she employed the remnant of her breath in praising Him, in praying for others, in instruct-

ing, admonishing and comforting her children and friends who were with her. With these views she often continued speaking, till thro' extreme weakness she could speak no more. But soon as her strength was a little revived, she resumed the same pleasing employment, till within a few hours before her happy dismissal.

Such are the fruits and effects in life, and in death, of that religion, which alas, is too generally stigmatized in the present day, by hard and contemptuous names, and despised as enthusiasm and folly. But the day is coming, when they who despise it now, however they chuse to live, will surely adopt the wish of Balaam, (O that it may not then be too late!) "let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

May they who seek the gospel salvation, and are at times subject to bondage thro' the fear of death, take courage from this instance of the faithfulness of God to his promises; they also, if they follow on, shall know the Lord. He will answer the trust, he enables them to place in his word. He will guide them by his counsel thro' life, thro' the valley of the shadow of death, and then receive them to his glory.

AN  
ACCOUNT  
OF  
Mrs. THORNTON.

FROM July 1798, Mrs. THORNTON's health had been gradually declining; but at the first, neither she nor her family, were apprehensive of danger. When the Bath waters were recommended, she cheerfully complied with the desire of her friends. She set out, accompanied by her second daughter Maria, and a maid-servant, on the 15th of January, 1799. She bore her journey pretty well, arrived at Bath on the 18th, and appeared to be a little better.

When she had been there a fortnight, she said to a friend, "Before I left home, the Doctors had little hope of my recovery; I may say I came hither under a sentence of death from two of them. I heard what they said, with perfect calmness of mind. I felt a sweet composure. I am in my Lord's hands, and should he call me home, I believe he whose goodness and mercy have followed me all my life hitherto, will perfect what is lacking, and take me to be for ever with himself. And if what I feel, is a breaking up of nature, it is a gradual one. My Lord deals gently with me."

The Bath waters afforded little relief. Her complaints increasing, Mrs. P—, her nieces, and a friend, went from Bristol to visit her on the 12th of February. They found her very poorly. She had

blisters behind her ears, for the swimming in her head, but they produced no good effect. She apologized for being obliged to lay upon the sofa, and after remaining still and quiet for about an hour, turning to Mrs. P—, she said, “We have not followed cunningly devised fables, but blessed realities, which now yield divine support. My illness has been a pleasant time. I am thankful that I am not to live here always. I look forward with joy to the world to come. I have thought much of, and have felt great nearness to my friends who have already gained the port. It often seems as if a group of them were ready to receive me. Blessed be God, I can readily leave all my dear friends and relatives, if He call me. My children I dearly love, but I am willing to leave them. I hope they will follow me to heaven. I have endeavoured to recommend the best things, and can only lament that I have not set them a better example. But if any infirmity or sin they have seen in me, have proved a hindrance to them, I pray God to take the remembrance of it from their minds, and enable them to look to that perfect pattern, who has left us an example how we ought to walk. I can only recommend to them to do the things which he requires, and, which He has promised to give those who seek him, power to perform.”

After remaining in silence a short space, she said, “That verse of Dr. WATTS has been very sweet to me of late, and particularly this morning,

See! from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e’er such love, and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Repeating, “So rich a crown?”—“No.” After this, she thanked God for bringing her to himself, in early life; and said, “What mercy and love have been manifested to me, all my life long? Had I been



I been in the world, and wished to be introduced to persons of refined sense, fine taste, and cultivated minds, should I ever have found any of more refined taste, and improved intellects, than some of those with whose friendship I have been favoured? With these I have conversed on the sublimest subjects, and I expect to renew the pleasing employment in eternity."

One having said, "There we shall all meet,—not only our cotemporaries, but the holy, the wise, the pious, and the good of all ages. There we shall see Abraham the friend of God, Moses, Isaiah, and Daniel." She replied, "Yes: Whom do we expect to meet in heaven? Not Alexander; not those who conquered, but those who renounced the world." She then took up the character of Abraham, and enlarged upon it, particularly on his condescension to Lot in yielding the choice of situation to him, for the prevention of strife, Gen. xxiii. 27, 28.

She spoke largely on the excellency of the Holy Scriptures, declaring that she had often read them with unspeakable pleasure and profit, and that she would especially recommend them to all young people. To her daughter she said, "Study the Scriptures, not only as containing truths which are able to make you wise unto salvation, which they do in the fullest manner; but read them for rules of life, for history, for description of characters, for geography, for every thing. One thing which gives history its excellence, is its authenticity; another is the character of the Author. Now the Bible is infallibly true, the Bible is the book of God. It not only instructs us in the knowledge of God, of ourselves, and of the way by which we may approach him with hope, but whatever is needful for us to know; and will both please and profit every person who reads it with attention and prayer."



She desired a friend to repeat Gambold's *Mystery of Life*; and remarked on the last verse, as peculiarly suitable to herself.

“ Oh! what is death? 'tis life's last shore,  
Where vanities are vain no more;  
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,  
And life is all retouch'd again.”

In the evening, she dozed much; but once or twice mentioned the late Mrs. T—, and Mrs. A. said, “ She felt great nearness to them in spirit.” It often seemed to her, as if they were almost visible. She reflected, with pleasure, on the many happy hours they had spent together on earth, and rejoiced in hope of their friendship being matured in the kingdom of glory.

On the 13th, she had a very indifferent night, and was in much pain in the morning: she said,  
“ In years past, how often have I prayed,  
When pain o'er my weak frame prevails,  
With lamb-like patience arm my breast.”

One saying, “ Yesterday you talked so much of our friends in light, that I also have been with them in spirit,” She spake particularly of Mrs. J— T—, and mentioned the deep sense of the Divine Presence, which Mrs. G— and others felt at the moment of her departure, and for some time after. It was as if heaven was opened, and the angelic guard all but visible. She added, “ What a blessing is it, that we have as full and clear an evidence of the influence of good and happy spirits on our minds, as we have of the power of wicked spirits upon bad men!” While dressing, she said,  
“ What has vile dust to be proud of? And yet

Tho' loathsome and defil'd we are,  
He makes us white, and calls us fair.”

On the 14th of February, she was very ill, complained of a weight oppressing her whole frame, and of a great pain in all her limbs. A friend said,

“ You

"You want to throw off your load." She replied in part of a verse of a hymn,

"My soul would now throw off her load,  
And walk delightfully with God,  
And follow Christ to heaven."

They then joined in prayer: Upon rising up she said,

"And if our fellowship below,  
In Jesus is so sweet;  
What heights of raptures shall we know  
When round his throne we meet."

In the night, she was very ill, and said, "My strength declines fast; I do not think I shall be long here. But when my heart and my flesh fail, God will be the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever!" \*

Feb. 15. This morning she strongly expressed her confidence in the Holy Scriptures. After a pause, she broke out in the words of the prophet Isaiah, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem;" † and then added, "What condescension in God, thus to address his creatures! The Bible is the best book. It is the Truth. Lately, I have read little else, and should I live, it shall be my *one* book. It contains every thing. I feel my weakness, and it calls upon me to trust in the Lord Jehovah, for in him is everlasting strength. I know not what our Lord is about to do with me. I grow weaker, and if he takes me home, it will be from the evil to come. If he should spare me, I trust it will be to bring me to a nearer acquaintance with himself." She then desired a friend to read Isaiah xxvith, and pray with her. It seemed like worshipping before the throne. *How near is earth to heaven!*

\* Psal. lxxiii, 26. † Isa. xl. 1.

In the afternoon, on the 16th, she said, "I fear that Ann and Harriot, [her daughters,] will be pained, at not seeing me before I go hence." A friend replied, Undoubtedly they wish much to see you, but an interview, if permitted, would be painful to all parties; and then asked, What would you wish respecting them? She said, "I do not desire them to come. I have said all, I have to say to them. They are very dear to me, so are all my children. I love Edward. I love them all equally." She then charged Maria to give her dying love to them, and to dear Eliza," adding, "I wish I had seen her before I left Camberwell. The reason I did not particularly desire it, was, because I thought it would affect us both; and I had but little time, and much to get thro'. But I am glad I saw my dear Edward. They live and are happy in each other, and I hope will long continue so. May God bless them and the dear child! May God bless all my children, and help them to live in love and comfort with each other! Give my love to the Miss B—'s, and to all my friends." She then called Betty, the faithful kind servant who attended her, and said, "Give my love to Bella: you have both been good and kind servants to me. I charge you to cleave close to the Lord. You were both brought to the knowledge of God, under our roof, and that should attach and endear the family to you. Live in love, and let not little things separate you from my children. Tell Betsey to seek the Lord."

On the 17th. Being told that it was a fine day, she said, "The fine weather was to do much for me, and *so it will*." One saying, We are hastning, where there is summer without winter, and day without night. She immediately said,

The winter's night, and summer's day,  
Glide imperceptibly away;  
Too short to sing thy praise.—

And a few minutes after,

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,  
 And when my voice is lost in death,  
 Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs,  
 My days of praise, shall ne'er be past,  
 While life, or thought, or being last,  
 Or immortality endures.

A little after, she charged Maria to tell her children, that living and dying their Mother loved them. "You have been good and pleasant children to me; and I pray you take the Apostle's advice, "Be ye kindly affectioned one towards another; be ye holy, harmless, and undefiled." She then desired a friend to give her best love to Mr. Thornton; tell him, "That living and dying, I am his loving wife. I thank him for all his love and goodness to me. Tell him to be kind to the children—but they are his children, and he loves them as well as I do." Then addressing herself to her daughter, she said, "My dear Maria, you have nursed me affectionately, and now ye are called to an affecting scene, a dying mother, parting with a child she dearly loves. After I am gone, and you retire in secret to weep, perhaps your mother may be looking on. I charge you, and your dear sisters, let not a thought enter your minds, that you have neglected any thing that could have been done for me. You have all been kind: I have had every attention shewn, that could have been given. The Lord bless you all! Next to my children, I love my nieces, and I hope you will always love each other. Do not expect too much from each other, and then you will live in love." After a short silence, she said, "The mystery of the Cross contains our all of good. Our Redeemer, our great Deliverer, is our Surety and our Peace. He hath broken down the partition wall. I have no hope, no plea, but *Lord thou hast died.*" Turning to her daughter, she said, "Oh! Maria, he must be your Salvation: Expect only to be saved through Him!

On



On being told that Dr. L— was come, and seeing Miss P— with him, she reached out her hand, and said, “And his good sister too—We are all sisters in Jesus; some are gone home, others are going, and others will follow. We have fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers, and you, Sir, (looking at the Doctor) have children in heaven. When I came hither, some of my friends did not think I should recover, nor did I know how our Lord would deal with me. But here I am waiting with patience and resignation to meet his good pleasure. He has brought me low, but he deals gently with me.” Then turning to Dr. L—, she said, “O Sir, you know much, you have read many books, but there is no book like the Bible. That blessed book contains the mystery of the cross. O that precious blood, that precious blood; it bought our all of good, our blessedness for ever.”

Soon after the Doctors had left her, she said, “I fear they do not think I shall go soon.” Being told, they thought she might linger a little, but that they should not be surprized if a sudden change took place,—she said, “I hope my dear children will not think I love them less, because I am willing to leave them.”

On the 18th, she said, “My Lord will take me home soon. Though he seems to delay his coming, he has not forgotten to be gracious.” Soon after, being in expectation of Mr. Thornton, she said, “My earthly and perhaps my heavenly Bridegroom will come to day.” In about half an hour, Mr. Thornton and his two daughters arrived. She was so much affected as not to be able to speak for some time. After a while, turning to him, she said, “My dear husband, you are come once more to take me in your arms, and lay me down that I may die.” Upon which, he lifted her upon the sofa. In a few minutes she said,

“Not a doubt doth arise, to darken the skies,  
Or hide, for a moment, my God from my eyes.”  
She



She then called her children, and said, " My sweet Anna ; I cannot say, my dearest child, for you are all equally dear to me. My precious Harriot ! seek the God of your fathers. He is my support, and my all ; my faithful God." Seeing them much affected and weeping, she said, " I love your tears, they are precious because they are tears of affection. But you may weep too much. Take care that you do not indulge excessive grief."

Some time after, being told that Mrs. P— and the two Miss F—'s, her nieces, were come to see her, and that they would sit by her ; but as she was so very weak, they begged she would not hurt herself by speaking too much to them : She said, " Hearts can speak, when voices are wanting." They came in, and she tenderly kissed them, and expressed great pleasure in their visit. She enquired after Mr. P—, and said, " How kind it was to let you come ! I owe him much love, but I have not long to be here. What a view of the œconomy of nature have I lately had ! And you will all have it unfolded to you. But, *There is a knowledge which must be given up.* Soon after, she was seized with an epileptic fit. When she came to herself, she seemed as awaking out of sleep, spake affectionately to Mr. Thornton, prayed our Lord to support and strengthen her, and repeated,

" 'Tho' loathsome and defil'd we are,

" He makes us white, he makes us fair," &c.

In the evening she had a return of the fits, with convulsive motions over her whole frame. When she came to herself, she asked, " What o'clock it was ?" being told near ten, she said, " How slow the minutes roll along : I fear I shall not go so soon as I expected. Lord help me to wait thy time !

" When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,

" With lamb-like patience arm my breast ;

" When wounding grief my soul assails,

" In lowly meekness may I rest !

But

“But wounding grief I have not yet been called to endure ; if I should, Lord support thy servant, for in thee do I trust.” She slept at intervals in the night ; and what she said when awake, manifested the immortal hope which invigorated her soul.

On the morning of the 19th. addressing herself to Mr. Thornton and her children, she spoke to the following purport : “ I have often thought of a subject, which I wished to mention before I left this world, but I forbore because it was an affecting one. I have not written any thing concerning it, except in my last birth-day poem. I always disliked funeral pomp. I wish to be buried in a plain decent manner ; and as much may be expected in a *professional way* : if any should wonder why it is not so, let them be told--it was my desire ;--that will be sufficient. I should like to be buried in a country church-yard. I have thought so, in years that are past, as well as of late, since I have been so much at Epsom. I used to take pleasure in walking in church-yards, and reading Monumental Inscriptions. They have their use ; I do not condemn them ; but I beg there may be nothing of this kind for me, but my name, age, and a sentence of scripture. The scriptures contain every thing, and I know no part of them I should rather chuse, or think more proper, than Rom. vi. 23. “ The wages of sin is death ; but the gift of God is eternal life.” I feel, what a poor, vile, helpless unworthy sinner I am ; as Gambold says, “ No deed of mine but prov’d me worse.” In one sense, *all I have done is sin*. In another, it is not. I thank God for any good he enabled me to do : but the good that is done upon earth, the Lord doeth it. I wish you to have proper views of your own being. I think some people deficient herein. They have not a right sense of the importance of their own being. I have gloried in my being a redeemed creature : This dignifies human nature. St. Paul gloried in the cross : It was this that raised him up. And St. Peter

Peter says, "We have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we make known unto you, the coming and power of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye witnesses of his majesty, &c.:" No, faith apprehends realities. Faith opens the world to come. This life is but the beginning of our existence: when we begin to live here, we begin to die: And when we die, (in the faith) we enter into a fuller enjoyment of the blessed realities which faith now apprehends. O may the Holy Spirit impress, these truths upon your hearts. My dear children! without his influence, all is nothing." Then leaning her head back, she said "Lord! now take me to thyself. Let me depart in peace according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." She was quite exhausted, and sunk into a fit which threatened her dissolution; but reviving again, she cried, "My God, my God! —

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

On being offered some refreshment, she said, "He that giveth a cup of cold water, for the Lord's sake, shall in no wise lose his reward. How well it is to be employed in acts of kindness, of which our Lord takes such notice! I have thought of that text, "Henceforth, I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine, till I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom."\* What a parting meal was that, which our Lord partook with his disciples! What condescension! What intimate familiarity! This scripture and others have led me to consider the similarity and connection between earth and heaven. Such as, "I am the vine, ye are the branches."† What a union! It is a subject that has often afforded me pleasure and profit." A person said, "You used to reason from analogy." She replied, "Yes, I used to love to compare

\* Mark xiv. 25. † John xv. 5.

reason with faith, and nature with revelation. And tho' some persons may think these things strange, I have such openings into them, within these few days, as I did not expect in this life. But many people laugh at what they do not understand." Her pillow being a little moved, she said, "My mother used to say, If I were a queen, I could not be better attended. I am sure I may say so. But I have often felt pain that I did no more for her; tho' I paid her all the attention in my power. She was a blessed woman, and I sometimes think she will be one of the first happy spirits to welcome me home. How I shall rejoice in a future day, to present my children to her in glory!"

She then mentioned her son, and his wife, and their little one, with great affection. It is written, "Love is stronger than death." Death cannot cut the thread of love. She desired to be affectionately remembered to Mrs. S—, and said, she was glad she came to see her, before she left Camberwell.

In the afternoon, she turned to her daughters and said, "God has been better to me than my fears. You little expected to see your dying mother with so little fear. I have had many fears, (alluding to a complaint which threatened her with painful consequences, for many years) but my Lord has been good to me. My fears drove me to prayer; and what pain I did feel, has often drawn me nearer to my God. Dr. L— brought me good news, when he told me I was going home to my God. Lord, suffer me not to be impatient: thy time is best; thy will be done!"

The room being dark, she asked for a light, saying, "Light is sown for the righteous, and joy for the upright in heart." In the evening, being in much pain, she cried, "Lord have mercy upon me: do thou help me: let thy rod and staff comfort me. Thou hast prepared a table for me in the wilderness."



wilderness." Soon after she prayed fervently, and calling upon the Saviour of sinners, said,

"Son of God! Thy blessing grant

"Still supply my every want.

I did not think that nature could have held out so long; but, Lord, thou shewest me, that thy time and manner are the best. Give me strength and patience, and let thy will be done."

On the 20th, in the morning, she said, "I am waiting for my dismissal. My Saviour, my God, my All! perfect what thou see'st lacking in my soul, and take me to thyself. Remember the word in which thou hast caused me to trust. I will trust, and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song." She then said to Miss Thornton who was standing by, "Read the scriptures:" she answered, "I will." She said, "Let me hear you say so again:" Miss T— repeated her promise.

She then sunk into a slumber, but awaking soon, had a fit, which we thought would have been too much for her feeble frame. During the evening, her head was affected, but nothing dropped from her lips in this state, but what manifested a mind at peace with God, and longing for enlargement. At times she prayed much, and chiefly in the language of scripture.

On the 21st. She had a better night than was expected; sometimes sleeping, and when awake lying still, without much pain, and in the spirit of prayer. She was perfectly recollected, and often repeated, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee," &c. \* When informed that Mrs. F— had sent her kind sympathizing love to her, she was a while silent; and then said, "Did Mrs. F— send a message to me?" On being answered, "Yes;" she

\* Isa. xxvi—3.



said, "I love her: the very hearing of her name revives me. We know little of the value of love here, to what we shall in eternity." To one who stood by, she said, "What do you think St. Paul would say to you if he was here? Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free. Never be entangled with the bondage of sin, nor with the allurements of the world."

Being told that Miss Martha M— had frequently called, when she was too ill to see any one. She said, "I love her and all that family. They fill an important station. There are but few people of talents, who can bear to know their own importance. But it ought to humble and stimulate us to use them; for talents for the good of others are an awful trust committed to our care. It is not at our option whether we use them or not. I have often had serious thoughts upon this subject. It is seldom we see such a family as the M—'s. I have many thoughts on my mind concerning them, if I had but strength to arrange them." Feeling herself a little better, she desired Miss M— might be sent for.

When she came, Mrs. Thornton said, "You see me weak in body, but my mind is vigorous." She was obliged to pause for want of strength; but recovering herself, she went on to this effect; "I am glad to see you. When I came hither, I seemed nearly as well as you. One day, before I left home, the Doctor seeing me walk across the room with apparent strength, said something concerning me. I then thought, I should probably slip thro' your hands; but the thought was not painful. I felt no fear. Now *I am* going. And tho' I do not think any thing I am able to say, can have much weight as coming from me, yet I wished to see you. Your's is a singular family. God has given great talents to you all. And it is true wisdom to know the part we are called to act, and to fulfill it. We are little aware of the loss we shall sustain, if we do

not properly fill up the place for which we are fitted. I have had awful views of this, such views as have influenced my intentions. I have aimed at using what was committed to me, to the glory of God: And tho' I have fallen far short of my aim, yet I am now thankful that my endeavours were directed to what at this important moment, my mind fully approves. I am a weak helpless creature, and do not speak because I have filled my place, or done the work assigned me. No, I have only aimed at it; but I speak because of the sluggishness of my nature, and because I wish every one had a proper sense of the increasing enjoyment they may gain by a right use of their time and talents. The necessity of this appears from the Apostle's words, "Press towards the mark. Covet earnestly the best gifts;" and from our Lord's account of the ten virgins. They were all entrusted with talents, all had light, and all had gifts. But five were wise, and five were foolish. The former improved, the latter neglected their talents. You are engaged in a good work, may you go on and prosper. If he that giveth a cup of cold water shall not lose his reward, the service of those who seek the spiritual good of their fellow-creatures shall surely be remembered. God is faithful: I am a poor worm, but I have found him so; beyond what I could have hoped. Often in my chamber have I prayed,

"When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,  
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;  
When wounding grief my soul assails,  
In lowly weakness may I rest."

"I have had a strong assurance that it would be so, in so much that I have often returned to my knees to thank God, for what I believed He would do. I have often poured forth my soul in prayer respecting the hour, which now draws near. I had reason to believe he would be with me; and now he is answering my faith. If a petition is presented,

we know it was accepted, if the thing petitioned for be granted. Does it not amount to a certainty? Spiritual things are realities. Faith produces effects. God is faithful to his word."

Then turning to her children, she said, "My dear children, let no one cheat you out of immortality." And looking earnestly at Miss M—, said, "I love you, and pray God to bless you, and your dear sisters." Miss M— was much affected, and thanked her for her prayers, &c. She replied, "We often ask others prayers; but we have only faint conceptions of the love and benevolence of the prayer of Jesus for us. O precious, precious Saviour! How great is thy love! May he help you to go on in the good work in which you are engaged! True wisdom, I again repeat it, Is to know our calling, to live in it, to be holy and useful, so shall an abundant entrance be administered unto us, into the heavenly kingdom."

She was now quite exhausted, and fell back into one of the fits, which we have often thought would have taken her home: But she sunk into sleep, and afterwards, though very ill all day, continued testifying of the unbounded love of God our Saviour: often saying, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," &c. When offered a little refreshment, she took it, saying, "It tastes well." But immediately, as if recollecting herself, added, "What has any one in my weak state to do with tastes?" A friend answered, You have a better taste, a taste for divine and heavenly food. She replied in two lines of the poet,

With finer taste of wisdom fraught,  
And mystic power of love.

Soon after she mentioned a good man in London, Mr. W—, and said, "She remembered that several years ago, he had a fever, in which he was delirious, during the whole of which his conversation was about spiritual things. I have often

thought of him since I came hither. My thoughts, through my weakness, have not been always under the control of reason ; how thankful should I have been, to have known nothing but what I would wish to think ?” One standing by, said, I have often been struck with the rich variety of scriptural sentences, and verses of hymns, with which your memory is stored, and in which you now so readily express yourself ; and I have thought, I will endeavour more than formerly, to advise young people to store their memories with what they would wish to think of in a dying hour ; and told her that one of her nieces was committing to memory, Gambold’s *Mystery of Life*, she—gave a smile of approbation ; and turning to her children, who were all standing around her, entreated them to fill their minds with the good things which might be useful to them on a dying bed.

She then asked a person present, if she had known Mr. W—? Who said, “Yes, I have often met with him in the Monday morning bands.” She answered, “I well remember the precious times we used to enjoy in that Band. A few simple-hearted spiritual people met together. Several of them had little learning, but they used to speak in a manner, which would not have disgraced persons of the greatest abilities. Mr. W— was a man of good plain sense. How many persons of fine strong intellects, will wish one day, to change places with him? Religion is the one thing worth seeking after.”

In the evening she mentioned the Miss M’s again, saying, “It was a rare thing to find five such sisters.” She spoke of the family at Bethany. “Jesus loved Mary, and her sister Martha, and Lazarus ; they were three.” She mentioned Miss P—, desired her love to her, who always appeared to her, like a person belonging to another world ; and said that she knew several excellent single women, to whom



whom she wished her daughters might be like. She spoke of old Mr. P—, “who in his early days, used to leave all the comforts of life, to go to seek lost sinners. If we leave our comfortable homes, warm fire-sides, and go to seek souls, or to hear the word of God, it will bear reflecting on, in such an hour as I am passing thro’.”

Near midnight, she was in great pain, and prayed most fervently that our Lord would take her to himself. She complained of the room being dark, and when told that there were candles in it, and that it was owing to her illness that she did not see the light, (for at the approach of her fits, her sight was much affected,) she said, “I am glad you tell me so. I hope it is a proof that I am not far from my heavenly inheritance. I always loved light, because I thought it typical of spiritual light. I hope, if one of my natural senses is closed, it is a prelude to my spiritual senses being more fully opened, perhaps it may be soon. And then she repeated that verse,

“Kind is the speech of Christ my Lord,  
Affection sounds in every word;  
Thou art my chosen one, he cries,  
Bound to my heart, by various ties.”

On the 22d. This morning she seemed to be in great pain. She was much engaged in prayer, and often expressed her strong confidence in God, saying, “My flesh shall rest in hope. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee;”—and other apposite passages of scripture. While we were fanning her, she said,

“From Sion’s tops the breezes flow,  
And cheer us in the vale below.”

A little after, she desired her love to the ladies belonging to the Charity for Lying-in-women, and begged, while one shilling was subscribed, they would not let it drop. After which she again cried



out, "I will trust in the Lord Jehovah, for in him is everlasting strength. Lord, let me this night come to thee: let me see thy salvation:—but thy will be done."

On the 23d. This morning she said, "If the sight of our minds were stronger, we should see great beauty in every scripture comparison. That is a fine one in Eccles. xii, "The keepers of the house shall shake, the strong men shall bow themselves: and they that look out of the windows shall be darkened," &c. The eyes gradually lose their power of seeing. The sublimity of the Holy Scriptures should excite our admiration, we know a little of this here, but we shall know more hereafter. The Psalmist says, "Thy works, O Lord, are wonderful, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." O that young people would store their minds with divine truths."

Sunday the 24th. She was very ill all day, dozed much and said but little. But in the evening, she sang,

"The Lord of Sabbath, let us praise,  
In concert with the blest;  
Who joyful in harmonious lays,  
Employ an endless rest."

And then she called on those around her to join in singing praises to God. Some time after she said, "Now, Lord, what is my hope? My hope is truly in thee. Thou dost keep my mind stayed on thee."

The 28th. For some days she dozed much, and had several fits. This morning she said, "How comfortably the Lord has kept me in this week, I could not have thought I could have been so comfortable, in such a state of weakness. Let patience have its perfect work in my soul. Lord, make me perfect and entire, lacking nothing. Sometimes the enemy thrusts sorely at me with a temptation, to fear that all is not right with me, that after all I

may fail. But he is not suffered to distress me. In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust.

Thy mighty Name, Salvation is,  
And keeps my soul above;  
Pardon and peace and power it brings,  
And everlasting love."

On one saying, "God is faithful: you know he is so: having loved his own, he loved them to the end." She answered, "Yes, he is faithful: In years that are past, when fear has assailed me, I have prayed to the Lord, my heart has been poured out before him, and he has permitted me to talk to him, as a man with his friend. He has comforted me, and now he is answering my prayers. By night on my bed I have sought thee, and thou art my Rock and my Refuge. I renounce all my righteous and my unrighteous deeds. I have no hope or plea but in Thee." On one saying, "In Christ Jesus, all the promises are Yea and Amen;" and mentioning that text, "All things are your's, for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's;" she took up the words, "Yes, ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's; and when Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory." Then looking affectionately on her children, she said, "My dear children, you see your dying parent bearing testimony to the truths of God." Soon after, being in great pain, she said, "If my continuing here sometime longer, may be of use to any person, I am willing to stay. These our lighter afflictions which endure but for a moment, work out for us, a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." While a person repeated the following verse, "While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen," and added, "You now are between both worlds, and see the things that are invisible," she replied, "I do indeed. Lord, my sure trust is in thy word,  
and

and thou wilt not suffer me to be confounded. I trust in thee, and know on whom I trust." A friend seeing her suffer much pain, said, "I wish I could relieve you, but I cannot. All I can do is to recommend you to him, who alone can afford you the help you need. And as dear Mrs. J— said, when passing thro' the same course, He has given you a full cup." She replied, "I only pray that He may give me patience to endure. Thy Will be done."

Towards the close of life, her weakness was extreme. She said little, except in those blessed words, which our Lord himself has taught us, frequently repeating the Lord's prayer, or detached sentences from it; particularly, "Our Father—Thy Will be done: for thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever, Amen, and Amen." For near forty-eight hours before her happy spirit took its flight, she took little notice of any thing around her; but about 12 o'clock on Monday night, she cried out, "Our Father: ever and ever: amen and amen." She then lay as one asleep, breathing shorter and shorter, without the least struggle, till she entered into her Master's joy, twenty minutes before two o'clock, on Tuesday the 12th of March, 1799.

In a few days her remains were removed to Camberwell. And on Thursday, the 21st, according to her desire, interred in Epsom Church-Yard; where a stone was erected, with her name, age, and the last verse of the sixth chapter to the Romans, inscribed, "The wages of sin is death: but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

F I N I S.

